

ANNUAL GREETING

OUR HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

1892-1893

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"GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE."

Glad Christmas Day.



COMETH now the sacred morn
To our spirits tired and worn,
Bringing with the chant and chime
Memories of that after time
When to sinful man was given
Pledge of peace and love from heaven,
And herald strain and angel throng

Echoed forth the rapturous song—
Welcomed in the holy ray
Of the first glad Christmas day.
Joyful let us greet it now,
With light hearts and cheerful brow,
Bright warm hearts and mirthful bands,
Kindly eyes and clasping hands;
Greetings frank and words of cheer,
To the friends and kindred near.

Meekly, humbly lay aside
Angry tone and look of pride,
Memory of wrong or woe—
Treacherous friend or cruel foe—
All that chills the heart below.

And round cheerful board and hearth,
Midst words of joy and songs of mirth,
Let each grateful spirit be
Fraught with holy charity;
Nor envy, care, nor malice find
Resting-place in heart or mind;
But kindly tone and open hand,
And the deed of mercy planned,
To our suffering neighbors prove
Our Christmas faith and Christmas love,
Worthy of this solemn time,
Hallowed by His love sublime,
Who bore with patience wrong and blame,
Poverty and want and shame—
All that earth's poor wanderers fear
Of mortal pain and suffering here.

So with faith's best prayer and praise
Shall we hail the day of days;
So with charity benign,
Bend before its hallowed shrine,
And the heart's best tribute bring
To the altar of our King.

So with meet and harmless mirth
Gather round the social hearth,
And the spirits free from care,
And the welcome uttered there,
And the kindly glance and tone,
And the prayer for loved ones gone,
And the clasp of friendship's hand,
And the greetings, frank and bland,
And the kindly word and deed,
Shown the suffering in their need,
Shall be pleasing in His eyes,
Whose dear human sympathies,
From His throne beyond the skies,
Beacheth, in their joy or woe,
All His creatures here below.

—N. Y. Ledger.



THE REPORTER'S CALL.

The Ladies Enjoyed It, But the Newspaper Man Didn't.

The city editor was just giving out the assignments. It was New Year's day and the reporters one and all had gone to the office in the hope that they would be given a day off or at least some easy task. Harold Roberts rather crowded over his fellows, for he thought he had won the prize. Perhaps he had.

A request had come from a lady in a fashionable quarter of the city to have a reporter sent to her house that evening at eight o'clock, but no hint of what was required was given.

At the hour named, Mr. Roberts was at the number given and was presently ushered into an extremely pleasant room where sat two charming young



HE WAS RECEIVED MOST AFFABLY. Ladies. He was received in the most affable manner possible. A side table was loaded with elegant

refreshments, and everything indicated that he was expected and was to be grandly entertained.

He was. He found the ladies charming talkers, and he was much interested, thinking every minute they would broach the matter for which they wanted a reporter.

Not a word on the subject came, however, and at length Mr. Roberts was obliged to ask for the information.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

Is Christmas Degenerating Into a Mere Festival for the Storekeepers?

Our Christmas of to-day makes me sometimes fear that the Christmas of our youth is degenerating into a festival of the storekeepers. Once there was merry-making at home, trimming of the church with evergreens, listening for the bells of Christmas eve pealing through the frosty air, interchange

become a burden, and no one of merely moderate means can maintain it without serious self-denial. So it has come to pass that many give what they really cannot afford, and what no one wants; and receive what they never should have bought for themselves, and what frequently entails increased expense by demanding other things to correspond.

Would it not be an experiment worth trying, if in every household there were

year for a tired needlewoman; or would give a young girl, with a talent for pencil or piano, the beginning of the education in art she ought to have; or send a poor boy through one year of college; or stock a little haberdashery for some one who cannot work, and to beg who is ashamed; or procure surgery, clothing and countless comforts and turn the dreariness of poverty-stricken homes into sunshine. Is this not really some-



A MERRY CHRISTMAS IS COMING ACROSS THE FIELDS OF SNOW.

Christmas Presents.



Before the first of May,
And I'm bankrupt till the spring returns,
After each Christmas day.

I take my dearest dear ones
First on my Christmas list—
My rosy, dimpled darlings,
With faces made to be kissed,
And the lovely bright-eyed mother—
Wherever she sets her chair,
In the nursery or the parlor,
The center of home is there.

For her should be spoils of jewels,
Velvet and lace galore,
Raiment to trail its splendors
Over our homely floor.
But her frown of grave discretion
Still holds my real in check,
And her gentle "Dear, be careful!"
Is strong as monarch's beck.

And Tom, my sturdy first-born,
And my roguish, manly Fred,
To think of skates for one,
And the other must have a sled.
And my dainty baby Margaret,
And my winsome maiden Ruth,
I'll see that their Christmas stockings
Are full to the brim, in sooth.

Next comes a host of cousins—
We are rich in kith and kin,
Their numbers muster bravely,
With the babies counted in.
Beyond these are the needy
Our Christmas feast to share,
And the worn and heavy-hearted,
Who are ever in our care.

In flock the joyous children,
Laden with brand pine,
And the scarlet holly berries,
Their stars and wreaths to twine.
I sit and watch and listen
Till I almost fall asleep,
And over my weary senses
The drifting odors sweep.

And somehow, this Christmas tiding,
I am back in the long ago,
When I was a jolly youngster
Trooping to school in the snow.



I SIT AND WATCH AND LISTEN.
The dear old farm-house kitchen
And the old brown district school
Come back like an angel's vision,
Though stern I thought their role.

I have lost the sweet old mother,
And the father strict and kind,
Whose word was law to the children—
A law they loved to mind.
They are not on the earth for loving;
They have left the weary road,
And they hear the Christmas music
On the golden hills of God.

But I'm better for their teaching,
And on to the very end
I will try to walk as they did,
With the Christ for my blessed friend.
I will try to teach the children
That love is the best of creeds,
And that he who cares for his neighbor
His own cause ever pleads.

Yes, dear, it is "Merry Christmas!"
And you really should not scold.
If a man forgets at Christmas
That he is not made of gold.
Why, I saved for my Christmas presents
Coffee since the first of May,
And I like to be bankrupt for awhile
After the Christmas day.

—Margaret E. Saugster, in Harper's Bazar.

CHRISTMAS IN BOSTON.



"Oh, baby, how delightful! Here's a new volume by Ibsen."—Once a Week.

"May I inquire, ladies," said he, feeling that he was about to end a most delightful evening, "why I have been sent for. If it is a matter of news—"

"Oh, no; not all," broke in one of the girls. "Not at all; the fact is we have a cousin who is going to marry a reporter and we merely wanted to see how one acted out in company."

JOHN J. FULLER.

Buy your holiday presents early and your pocketbook will avoid the rush later on.—Chicago Tribune.

of gifts whose value was chiefly in their handiwork. Now we are in danger of allowing curiosity and acquisitiveness to drown out all the simple and sacred feelings belonging to the day. For gradually the increase of wealth has brought about an unwise increase in the cost of gifts for special and recurring occasions; and the storekeepers, quick to take a hint, set the world aflame every year with their advertisements, as if it were a matter of course that things of price should be bought, till the custom has

a compact made to give and receive presents of less cost than heretofore, and to use any balance of money, that might otherwise have been expended in some way that shall add real value to the life of those who are unable to give gifts at all?

The money that is unwisely spent in many families of not very large incomes for things that are presently laid by and forgotten, if put together in one sum would provide a southern winter for an invalid who would die in the north, or a journey in the hills next

thing for many of us to consider?—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Encouraging.

Miss Lorina Cottedge—Oh, Mr. Squeer, I am so pleased with your beautiful Christmas gift!

Madison Squeer—I am very glad you liked it. (Thinking of his rival.) Er-r-r, did you get anything from Shippen Clarke?

Miss Cottedge—No; I told him that he had better save the money.—Puck.